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CAUSES OF INSTABILITY IN PASTORAL CONNECTIONS.

OCCASIONAL SERMON,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONNECTICUT STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS, AT STAMFORD, ON WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23d, 1848.

BY REV. L. C. BROWNE.

"And have no certain dwelling-place."—1 COR. IV: 11.

I have chosen, as the theme of my discourse, on this annual session, the Causes of Instability in our Pastoral Connections. An evil of this kind, exists in our denomination, as well as others, seems to be generally realized. Neither is that portion of the gospel field, represented in this Convention, entirely exempted from this tendency. There exists but one pastoral connection, of our order, in this State, still unbroken, which dated three years ago. Within that period, every pastor but one belonging to this Convention, has either dissolved his pastoral connection, or taken the preliminary steps for its dissolution.

Being myself among the number, I shall be acquitted of censoriousness towards my ministerial associates. And further, it seems probable, that, at the close of the present year, there will be but two clergymen belonging to this body, whose membership will be three years old.

Is this state of things peculiar to our own denomination, or is it commonwealth. In the town where I still reside, there are, I believe, sixteen religious congregations, connected with different religious orders, only three of which retain the same pastors who ministered to them three years ago. The prevalence of this evil, however, does not mitigate its effect, as it removes all delicacy in regard to its existence among ourselves. The ministry, as if from a growing sympathy with nations, is fast becoming a revolving body. It is an approximation to the hitherto unrealized idea of a perpetual motion.

In my own mind, as well as to many of my brethren in the country, and the more considerate of our laity, this tendency, in our own denomination, is matter of melancholly consideration. It is discouraging to laymen who wish for the regular, unbroken, advancement of themselves and families; and to all the country who have stability of character to desire "a local habitation," it is disheartening in the extreme. Young men of good talents, however theologically inclined, hesitate to enter the ministry with the prospect of having "no certain dwelling-place." Never they may desire and might adorn the pastoral office, they deprecate the nomadic life of the literal shepherd. Some are peculiarly sensitive and inexperienced in these matters, and abandon the ministry, for secular vocations. They seem to imbibe the feeling exhibited by the early disciples, who had formerly been fishermen, after the death of their leader. Under such unpromising aspect of their affairs, "Simon Peter saith unto him, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee."—John xxi. 3.

Why should the minister, more than other men, at the present time, and in a Christian country, be an exile and a pilgrim? If a single parishioner, of any prominence, becomes disaffected towards the pastor, it is often thought that he must take up his abode elsewhere, as a matter of course, even though all the rest of the parish may respect and love him; as if the minister were a non-resident, and without the rights of citizenship. Why should he, rather than the disaffected parishioner, be required to leave the place, where he has the general friendship? The imaginable reason for such an impression in society, is, that it is thought difficult to fill the place of a seceding parishioner; as there are always plenty of ministers ready to change places. We think such cases should be decided entirely on the merits of the matter; and let him be made the exile, who is

in the wrong. Where the minister is right, let these disaffected members in different parishes, exchange places of residence, instead of their innocently offending pastors. It is as easy to remove a stock of merchandise, or the implements of a mechanic, or to sell one farm and buy another, as to move a library of books, transfer a well-earned pastoral reputation, and exchange the affections of old parishioners, for those of strangers.

This tendency weakens our ministry and our societies. An intelligent layman who may be liberally disposed, and whose sympathies incline him to unite with us, if connected with a stable congregation, of another order, enjoying the social intercourse of a pastor, endeared to him by years of acquaintance and friendship, hesitates to break up the social relations of his family, and to form new ones in a congregation whose very existence promises to be but temporary.

This subject is gaining interest within the ministry, at the present time. It has been frequently touched, of late, in editorials and communications, in our weekly denominational journals. This was the theme of the Occasional Sermon before the last session of the New Hampshire State Convention of Universalists. I had the pleasure, also, not long since, of listening to an essay on this subject, delivered before the Boston Universalist Ministerial Circle; and was happy to peruse this essay, as an article in the last number of our Quarterly Review. These interesting and able efforts treated principally of existing evils, and the advantages of pastoral permanency. It will be the prominent aim in this discourse, to investigate and develop the causes of this instability, that we may be enabled the more easily to discover and apply a remedy.

I mention, among these causes, Incautiousness and Haste, on the part of both ministers and societies, in forming pastoral connections. There is, not unfrequently, a want of adaptedness in the pastor to his peculiar field of labor, for which no effort of himself or his people can atone.

There may be reckoned three different stages in the history of our congregations: the *embryo*, the *transition*, and the *permanent*. The first, or embryo state, is when they are beginning to coalesce around the doctrinal ideas which are to form the central principles of their denominationality. This state demands the labors of traveling pioneers or evangelists. The second, or transition state, is, when, having adopted a doctrinal basis, by consent and sympathy, they are defending and defining it. They then require the labors of resident teachers, for temporary periods, to organize and compact them. And the third, or permanent state, is, when, having become organized, and established in faith, they need the watering care of a skillful pastor, to advance them, year after year, in the development of all collateral truth, and in the practical illustration and exhibition of its spirit. The society that has reached this state, if a pastor is really adequate to these wants, will be satisfied without changing pastors, and will, indeed, deprecate a change.

We have clergymen, fortunately, who are adapted to all these various duties. But a society often settles a minister in haste;—perhaps on an acquaintance of only a single Sabbath. The composition and delivery of a pair of sermons,—which are, perhaps, kept especially for such occasions, like the Sunday best of the poor man's wardrobe,—together with his general appearance, is all the knowledge they require. On such a basis, they decide on the man who is to fill the desk, year after year, attend to the interests and ordinances of a church, administer consolation to the dying and bereaved, represent and advocate all their interests in the community, and stand as a model of character and deportment to the families of the parish. It is true that in settling strangers, societies have sometimes received angels unawares. But all strangers are not angels, and if the candidate is really an angel, his plumage will not fade, but rather brighten, upon a longer preliminary acquaintance.

Preachers, as often as societies, misjudge of their suitability to the fields in which they engage. Such mistakes might be expected from inexperience. But even pastors and societies that have had abundant and unfortunate experiences on this subject, often repeat these errors, again and again, from haste and inconsideration.

A society desiring a permanent ministrations, should avoid settling a preacher who is adapted, by his gifts, attainments and experiences, only to the embryo, or transition state of the cause.

And a pastor who aims at a durable settlement, should not mistake either of these conditions of a congregation, for the permanent. Some rare men possess the abilities, and the power of conformity, to meet the wants of a congregation in either state, and can carry one through these incipient stages, on to permanency, and still supply their wants.

There usually comes a time when a congregation tires of change, and hungers for permanency of condition; and it were better for the cause of ministerial permanency, that no man should be installed over a congregation which is wanting in the elements of stability. Let the installation, at least, be deferred, till the society shall have ripened into more solidity of character. It seems to me, that we ought to have done trifling with the rites of installation, which are the legitimate signs of the durable, pastoral compact, to be dissolved only for some assignable and valid reason. It is, indeed, very desirable that those congregations which have long enjoyed the weekly ministry of the word, should assume a permanent attitude. Their own spiritual interests, and the expectations of the world, demand it; and they cannot attract and retain the respect of the community, without it. But an installation service cannot impart that consistency of religious character, which alone can secure stability in the pastoral relation.

And I cannot see why there should not be among us, as among other denominations who adopt the congregational basis, councils called for the dismission, as well as for the settlement, of pastors. The one event is ^{as} important as the other, to the minister, the society, and the cause. This would give more of dignity and permanency to pastoral settlements. There are cheering signs of improvement upon this subject. Societies are beginning to look more at the substance than the sheen, in ministerial character; and ministers are learning not to mistake enthusiasm and love of the new, for constancy of attachment.

II. Want of Depth and Permanency of Religious Feeling.—This sometimes exists, undoubtedly, in some degree, on the part of both people and pastors. No pastoral connection, under such circumstances, can be of long continuance. To give permanency to the union, it must be cemented by the unction of piety. No congregation will be long satisfied with a pastor, unless they are conscious of religious growth. To advance society in depth and purity of religious feeling, is so obviously the legitimate end of the ministry, and is demanded by so natural a want of the human soul, that no intellectual powers or personal attractions can long divert the public mind from a want of spiritual unction. And even if satisfied, for a season, without being fed with grace, such is the tendency of human nature, that an undevotional people will soon wax censorious towards a pastor, and contentious among themselves, which will soon sever the connection. What most binds a society to each other, and to their pastor, and the pastor to his flock, is the tie of devotional sympathy.

When the minister can look around, in his congregation, upon those whom he has been instrumental in turning from vice or irreligion, or of strengthening and advancing in virtue and devotion, and a large number of his congregation recognize in his voice and deportment, the influence which has redeemed them from the love of sin, and quickened their devout affections into the warmth of religious life, they will generally be satisfied with each other. The very idea of a separation, in such cases, will be painful. He is associated, in their experiences, with the most important events of life. He has solemnized their nuptials, dedicated their children to God, anointed their hearts with consolation in affliction, counselled them in trouble, heard their covenant vows, and broken to them the bread and poured the wine commemorative, in the delightfully solemn season of communion. And when he asks for a dissolution of the connection from some circumstance of necessity, they will say to him,

"Oft in paths of joy and weeping,
Thou our winding feet hast led,
Where hymeneal flowers were creeping,
Or the ivy o'er the dead.

"Memories like these endear thee
To our hearts, with magic spell."

But if he has been merely the intellectual champion of their theological doctrines, and the affable companion of their firesides, the cord of attachment is of lighter material, and may be severed with less of effort and regret.

There is, in too many instances, a deficiency of this better influence, to cement the pastoral relation. If the minister possesses it not, the congregation, in general, cannot be expected to attain it. And sometimes when the minister possesses it, in large measure, he may not be able to diffuse it. There are many obstacles to the imbueing of the public mind with the spirit of devotion. One of these obstacles is the spirit of worldliness.

We cannot truly worship God, while devotees to Mammon. Engrossment in amusements forms another obstacle often, and especially with the young. Political excitements are sometimes an impediment to religious growth. At the seats of our State legislatures, which are usually the centres of political influence, there is, generally, a perceivable dearth of religious feeling, among the male portion of the community. The years of our presidential elections, when the whole land is agitated, are uniformly marked by a general coldness of religious interest.

Sometimes it is claimed, that ministers themselves, are too much interested in political affairs. Though there are, perhaps, some causes of grievance, yet there is doubtless much prejudice on this subject. In a truly enlightend community, the minister will have accorded to him all the rights of other citizens. He relinquishes none of these rights, at his ordination. But in no community will the minister be sustained in neglecting his parochial duties, and devoting his time and talents to this subject, as a professional politician. He cannot be a *leader* in politics, and at the same time, a leader of the flock of God. To the cause of religion belong his mental energies; and his time, to his society.

There are all degrees of liberality and prejudice, in different communities, in regard to the political privileges of clergymen. In some sections, it is considered a breach of ministerial propriety, even to exercise the right of suffrage; while in others, he is tolerated in holding a seat in the legislature. In the State of New York, under the former constitution, the minister was made ineligible to any civil office. He could not be even an inspector of common schools. And in some of the newer townships, the minister was the only man qualified for such an office. Your speaker was once examined before a board of inspectors, in that State, one of the members of which could not write his signature to the certificate; and at the same time, there resided in the place a liberally educated clergyman. This proscription of the clergy, from the rights common to other citizens, was based upon the sacredness of their calling. The clause in the Constitution ran thus:

"And whereas, the ministers of the gospel are, by their profession, dedicated to the service of God, and the cure of souls, and ought not to be diverted from the great duties of their functions; therefore, no minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination whatsoever, shall at any time hereafter, under any pretence or description whatever, be eligible to, or capable of holding, any civil or military office or place within this state."

And as a kind of compensation for this proscription, they were exempted from taxation, except on property over and above the amount of fifteen hundred dollars; and this, of course, but few of them possessed. A statute relating to taxation, for the repairs of the highways, very charitably exempted from the assessment, "priests, paupers, idiots and lunatics." (Revised Statutes of New York, Ch. xvi. Title 1. § 24.)

The minister who finds himself in a tolerant community, should not take advantage of their liberality, to become absorbed in politics. It is a small ambition, in a minister, to esteem any political position as more desirable than the Christian ministry. To be "an ambassador for Christ," is really more honorable than to be an ambassador for any human government, to the most opulent court on earth. And when we find ourselves in a community where there is deep prejudice on this point, it is our duty, perhaps, to make some sacrifices of civil privileges, rather than impair our religious usefulness. If we must choose between two evils, this is certainly the less.

Again, the minister may have depth and warmth of religious feeling, as I have said, without the power of imparting it. Even though there is no want of susceptibility, on the part of his congregation, he may not be able to infuse the degree of interest he feels. Though strong in intellect, and rich in moral worth and personal devotion, there may be a deficiency of *caloric* in his mental constitution, to kindle the hearts of a congregation. His heart is so far from his lips, though it is a good heart, that he fails to anoint and imbue his audience. Such are often instructive preachers, and will do much good, in a series of years, by counsel and example. They are often safer men than those who are surcharged with that amount of oratorical influence that electrifies the hearer. But we cannot expect from the ministry of such, the earliest and most attractive fruits; and congregations do not always know how to appreciate such a pastor.

And again, there is often a goodly amount of religious feeling in a congregation; but it may not be found among the more active and executive members. The men that have charge of the temporalities of a society, exert much influence on the comfort of the pastor, and on the permanency of his connection. Business capacities are requisite for these duties. And, unfortunately, the most business-like men in a congregation are sometimes among the least religious; and the most religious members, sometimes among the least skillful in financial matters. And in

der to the temporal and spiritual prosperity of societies, and the permanency of the pastoral relation, these two must be blended in the executive board, if not in each individual member of the board.

There are three particulars in which it is desirable for a society to grow; in numbers, in pecuniary means, and in moral attainments. There are sometimes local or temporary circumstances under which a progress in numbers and pecuniary means cannot be realized. But a society should never be stationary in spiritual attainments. And if progressive in this respect, progress in the other particulars will always come, when circumstantial obstacles shall have been removed. The pastor who secures moral progress in his people, is the true and really successful pastor, even though extraneous causes prevent numerical and pecuniary prosperity.

But a mere business man, unimbued with the spirit of devotion, however respectable, may not appreciate this, the most valuable kind of prosperity. Such men often estimate the condition of a religious society, as they do every thing else—in figures; the numbers of the congregation and the amount of the revenue. And, according to the same standard, they will estimate the value of the pastor. They may regard him as an inoffensive sort of man, but utterly wanting in the elements of success. The leading influence of a society to be in such hands, is as unfortunate as it would be for a railroad or banking incorporation to have its board of directors made up of clergymen and pious men, without any practical knowledge of business. Under such circumstances, the best of pastors may fail to be morally sustained, while really promoting the most important interests of the society, and doing, in all respects, the best that could be done, under the circumstances.

An irreligious man will sometimes become inimical to a pastor, for the very reason that he cannot sympathize with him in his efforts for the promotion of seriousness and morality; because the minister adopts a higher standard of religious character than he is willing to recognize. The benevolent and philanthropic efforts of the minister, though performed in the kindest spirit, and from the holiest motives, will sometimes elicit the hostility of irreligious but influential members of a congregation. And when a man will feel towards such a pastor, as the Grecian felt, who voted for the banishment of Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." He would ostracise the minister, because he is regarded by the community as a man of Christian character.

There are, or have been, those among us, who so misinterpret the Apostle's doctrine of Christian expediency, as to think a minister should always lower his pulpit standard of religious character, to the level of public taste among his people, however low that may be below the model given in the life and teachings of the Master. In the judgment of such, the minister who adheres to the Gospel standard of morality, in a vicious community is regarded as an injudicious and impractical abstractionist. He should forbear to condemn the conduct of those limitarian missionaries, who tolerate the ancient usage of polygamy among their heathen converts, in the islands.

Let the Christian minister labor, patiently and kindly, to bring the people up to the Gospel; but by no means let the Gospel waver. In adopting principles of morality, we should be guided entirely by right; and expediency should be regarded, only in choosing the most effectual means of bringing these immutable principles to bear upon society.

But, in justice to all classes, it must be allowed, that the more lively religious members of a congregation sometimes annoy the pastor, and mar the harmony of the pastoral union, more than the less pretending. It may, perhaps, be thought a solecism to call a man religious, who possesses an annoying spirit. Cannot, indeed, have imbibed the spirit of Christianity, in its breadth. But a charitable observation will teach us, that a man may possess a lively interest in religion, and still have a sensitive, feverish, wiry temperament, unfavorable to the tranquillity of himself, or of those with whom he is associated.

A Congregationalist clergyman has said, in a discourse upon the subject we are considering, that a majority of the difficulties of the New England churches, between pastors and their people, are originated from the influence of *deacons*. He says:

"I am sorry to say it, the first open complaint is made against the pastor, in three cases out of four, by a deacon of the church. Deacons, the world over, are like Jeremiah's figs, i. e., very sweet or very sour. They either aid their pastor, and, like Aaron and Hur, stay up his hands, or decidedly the reverse. It is a sober fact, and it ought to make the ears of such deacons tingle, that at least three out of four of all the ministers in New England, who have been driven away from their people, have been driven away by deacons; by men who, in one respect, have a vengeance magnified their office." (I quote from a dis-

course by Rev. Mr. Bennet, the late unfortunate pastor of a Congregational Church in Woburn.)

The deacon is not so prominent a character in our denomination. We have but few; and they are generally very unexceptionable men. But you will sometimes find an individual, so active and officious in the religious affairs of the congregation, as to acquire a leading influence. And though, perhaps, well-meaning, his great zeal may be unilluminated by extensive knowledge, or experience, or sound conservative judgment. He may be impatient for results that must be waited for; which are

— 'not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruits of wise delay.'

These are your men who are "righteous over much."

Such a one, presuming upon a well-earned influence, and from an acquired habit of busy officiousness, sometimes assumes functions which are not delegated to him, and for which he is incompetent. He will sometimes virtually assume, not only the lead and management of the church and society, but will volunteer, by way of gratuity, and very disinterestedly, to take the pastoral care of the pastor. In exercising this duty, he will sometimes be most uncomfortably dictatorial and censorious. And if the pastor does not move according to his piping, he will wage a kind of holy warfare with him, open or clandestine, and disturb his outward peace.

Such a spirit operates like a file upon the golden chain of unanimity, severing it link by link; and brings odium, not only on himself, but what is worse, upon all pledge and profession of religion. Such specimens of Christian character, with those who have not the wisdom and liberality to make charitable allowances for constitutional peculiarities, give to the church organization, when they are identified with it, a forbidding and Jesuitical aspect; and repel from the communion those of ingenuous and manly natures.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A LIVERPOOL PULPIT SKETCH.

BY DR. GEORGE ASPINALL.

Upon the right hand side of Bold-street, going towards the town, stands the chapel of one of the most extraordinary men and one of the greatest preachers of which Liverpool can boast; and yet, strange to say, while men possessed of but commanding talent are followed by crowds of admirers, David Thom, the subject of our present sketch, who is richly furnished with genius of the very highest order, lectures weekly to all but empty benches. So much for the appreciation in which genius is held! But as a writer Mr. Thom is well known here, as well as in Germany and America. The religious views which he holds are very peculiar. In fact, he is the author of an entirely new school of theology. Without at all pronouncing upon his peculiar tenets, we may briefly say that his views are those of a most gigantic, a most comprehensive, and withal of a most truly benevolent and Christian mind. All really great characters have been far better known by their posthumous fame than by that they acquired in life, and such, we predict, will be the case with David Thom. When he descends to the grave his descent will be that of a falling planet, and he will leave an illuminated trail of glory behind him. However, it is with Thom as a living preacher that we now have to do. Going then, as we before said, down Bold-street, his church is on our right hand. Enter we, and now what do we behold? A middle-sized chapel, not over clean in its internal economy; a very thin congregation, composed of very thoughtful-looking people; and before us with a large Bible upon the cushion the pulpit. We will take our place in the right hand gallery, in a bottom pew; and now we are ready for the intellectual treat before us. Nor have we long to wait. A slight stir and the opening of a side-door, a step upon the pulpit-stairs, and up walks, in simple every-day attire, a middle-sized, elderly gentleman, and takes his place. He gives out a hymn and comments upon it, takes an introductory text and skirmishes a little with it, another hymn and then comes the text and the sermon of the evening. He opens, and step by step leads the mind of his auditor up to the passage with which he deals, and this in language the most terse and vigorous, the most cogent, and

yet the most chaste—no redundancy of matter, no spare words, no tinsel glitter, no idle fencing, but a close and most telling grapple with the thing right before him, and with nought else. Having completed the introductory part, he now clearly, distinctly, and concisely states his premises, and apportions the heads of his discourse; and here, when he gets into the very heart and pith of his sermon, and when he is establishing one after another the several positions he has taken up, here it is that he pre-eminently shines. Mark him; how superb is his logic, how admirably brought out and exhibited the entire chain of his reasoning! And how he gets hold of your whole attention, how completely he holds you under his control! When he commenced you were, it may be, leaning indolently back upon your bench. Gradually, however, as he goes on, you find yourself edging forward—still more forward—until there you are at last with your head inclined over the side of the gallery, and both elbows resting upon the ledge, greedily drinking in every word, nay every syllable, that falls from his lips. You have often heard sermons before, you say, but never yet have you listened to aught like this. How fresh, how sparkling, how replete with the hues and coloring of genius! What entirely original matter he brings forth, and in what apt, what striking, what varied combinations he exhibits it! He appears almost to cause new light to shine upon the Word of Inspiration, and that light seems more and more to penetrate, by a kind of magnetic influence, into the chambers of your own mind. What before seemed obscure, seems now clear—what awhile ago was opaque has now become transparent. Themes that from constant repetition elsewhere you have been rendered entirely familiar with, beneath the spell of this mighty enchanter have acquired a new interest, have become invested with new associations, and as you listen and devour more and more, you gradually seem to become a new creature yourself. But ere he closes, pause we and mark the personal appearance of the man. In age apparently about fifty; in height and breadth medium; his countenance, however, it is that distinguishes Thom especially. Throned thereupon, intellect seems to reign supreme. Mind, mind—nothing save the purely spiritual. That is the grand expression of it—that its one great characteristic. Reader, have you ever seen the well authenticated portraits of Sir Walter Scott? If you have, you get an all but complete idea of the head and face of David Thom—the same thin silvery hair, the same high, pyramidal brow, the same restless, searching, uneasy eye, and in fact the same formation from the shoulders upward. But the preacher now advances to his main points. Let us not fail to follow him even unto the very end. All his prior reasonings are now concentrated into one narrow focus. He repeats each separate heading; he tells you again how he has established his former position; he deduces what follows from this; he opens up Christianity from its very beginning as a scheme of development; he pours upon it the light of ancient prophecy; he shows how ancient things have passed away; how the Adamic, patriarchal, and Mosaic ages were successive phases of development; how they were shadows of better things to come; how those better things have now arrived; and consequently how the adumbrations of type and metaphor have become swallowed up and absorbed in antetype and reality. Then he speaks of man's carnal nature, as opposed and diametrically antagonistic to God's spiritual nature. And now he broaches his grand theme of divine inversion, showing that while in the mind of man there is an appearance of conformity and resemblance to the mind of God, yet that the appearance is but a shadowy and unsubstantial one, and that in effect the poles are not more distant from each other than is creature from creative will, than is the merely soulful from the illuminated and the spiritual. He concludes with an expatiation upon the love of God. The boundless, the love of man is bounded: here is inversion. It is disinterested and selfless, that of man is

interested and selfish: here is inversion again. It repays evil with good, men's love is but capable of repaying good with good: here is inversion again. And so on, and on, and on he goes, heaping example upon example, to instance in divine love his theory of divine inversion. And now he speaks of divine love in itself, in its one and undivided essence, in its infinity, in its immensity, in its richness, in its freedom, in its perfection, and finally in each and all of its manifestations and developments. Thom is now in all his glory—that restless eye of his kindles and sparkles like the flashings from diamonds. He forgets himself—he forgets even his hearers, and for the period he thinks of nothing but his God and his God's benevolence. He is out of the body, and by a kind of magnetism that you cannot withstand, he carries you out of it too, and you with him live for the time entirely in the world of spirit. Now for his great climax. See! he is working himself up for it—smile upon smile, illustration upon illustration, image upon image, intensity, as it were, upon intensity, till he comes to the crowing whole. There! he has reached the utmost bound to which spirit can travel. A sudden cessation and the voice is hushed, and the speaker speaks no more; and (with perhaps a violent headache from the immense strain on your mental powers) you suddenly fall back upon yourself, regain your own identity again, and remembering where you are, remember also that you must now leave. Enwrapped in incommunicable thought, in thoughts “too big for utterance,” you at last find yourself in the crowded streets, but still you feel alone, and your desire to be alone, under the mighty spell of Thom's gigantic intellect.—*From Hogg's Weekly Instructor, for July.*

A HINT TO MINISTERS.

AS TO HOW OFTEN THEY SHOULD PREACH THE SAME SERMON.

It was on a Monday morning that I called upon the Rev. Dr. P., of Edinburgh, (Scotland,) whom I found in a most merry laughing mood.

“Why, what's the matter, Doctor, that you are so merry so early in the morning?”

“Had you been here a little earlier,” said he, “you would have been laughing too. Did you meet a man going down the court as you came up it?”

“I did, Doctor.”

“Take a chair, then, till I can tell you the object of his so early visit to me on Monday morning.”

He laughed again, after which, by screwing and bracing he succeeded to finish the tale, when ——— laughed more than the Doctor.

“The person you met in the court,” said the Doctor, is one of my people, who felt it his duty to make so early a call this morning, to reprove me for a very great sin, which he conceived me to be guilty of committing yesterday.

“Yesterday morning I preached from such a text, and being under engagement as supply in the afternoon, for Rev. Mr. E., of Leith, who was sick, I preached the same discourse to his people. It so happened that this person, whom you met in the court, went down (after the morning service) to Leith, to visit his daughter, who was sick. Having seen the child, he went to hear Mr. E. preach, when, lo! who should preach but the man he had heard in the morning, and what should he hear but the same sermon!! This, sir, constituted the very heinous sin of which I was guilty—the preaching at Leith the same sermon which I had preached at Edinburgh. And so grievously great, in his account, is this my sin, that I ought therefore to be rebuked; and to discharge which act of brotherly kindness to me was the object of his so early visit this morning.

“As he was not in the habit of calling, his visit rather surprised me; the more so on Monday morning, at so early an hour.

“I could perceive by his rather hurried and confused manner that he wanted to say something which he knew

not how to introduce. To assist him therefore, I said, 'John, I apprehend you have called upon me for some certain purpose; if so, proceed to inform me of the object of your visit.'

"After some humming, much ridding of the throat, accompanied by some few mutterings expressive of the regret and sorrow he felt that there should have existed such cause for his visit, he said, 'Doctor, did you not preach yesterday morning from such a text?'

"Yes, John."

"After morning service, I went down to Leith to visit my daughter, who is sick, and being there thought I would step in and hear Mr. E. preach, but found you in the pulpit in his stead; and did you not there preach the same sermon you preached in your own church in the morning?"

"I did, John, and I will tell you why I did it. I was some miles off, in another town, and in another congregation. If my sermon was of importance to you in Edinburgh, it certainly was so for them in Leith. But, John, I very well observe the object of your early visit. The questions you have put inform me both of its nature and design. You do not intend, I presume, to number me among the '*dumb dogs that cannot bark*,' but you rank me among the '*idle shepherds*,' because I preached the same sermon at Leith in the afternoon that I had delivered in the morning at Edinburgh, being too lazy, as you suppose, to prepare another for them there; and you felt it your duty, did you not, to call upon me to reprove me for such conduct?"

"I did, Doctor; yet not exactly to reprove you, but to warn you against such conduct in future, as I consider it very improper, if not very sinful."

"I thank you, John, and am willing to believe you my friend, and that you are sincere in what you have done."

"I am all you say, Doctor, and more too."

"That I am ready to admit, John, yet must tell you that I am more than a little skeptical as to what you affirm respecting the sinfulness and impropriety of preaching a sermon a second time, when preached under circumstances such as mine yesterday was, away from home, and to a new congregation. But skeptic as I am, and unable as I feel to believe exactly upon these points as you do, you now have it in your power, John, to convince me of another fact, if you will; namely the propriety or impropriety of preaching more than once the same sermon to the same people. I felt, John, that that sermon was on an important and solemn subject; a subject eminently calculated, aided by the Spirit of God, to admonish and edify, not our church only, but every Christian society; and could not fail of meeting a cordial response in every sanctified breast that listened to it."

"It was all you say, Doctor. I never have heard a sermon I liked better. It was indeed a solemn and impressive sermon; a convincing and stirring discourse—just such a sermon as the church of God, in her present circumstances requires; and, withal, it was so plain that all could understand and remember it."

"Well, John, as to the remembering it, you have had an advantage above all others, inasmuch as you have heard it twice, and by your remembering or forgetting of this sermon you have it now in your power of convincing me of the propriety or impropriety of preaching the same sermon a second time at home. Now from the fact that you have heard it twice, and that but yesterday, I hope you are able to repeat for the assistance of others, and the edification of your own soul, the greater part of it, and more especially so since you say it was so plain and easy to be remembered. The introduction to the sermon was neither lengthy nor far-fetched; you are able to tell me how I introduced it?"

"After a good deal of shifting, and changing of his position on his seat, he said,

"Well, no, Doctor, I have pretty much forgotten the manner in which you introduced the subject."

"Well, John, you cannot have forgotten the divisions

of the discourse. There was nothing artificial about them; they arose naturally out of the text, and were such as every reflecting mind could not fail to see. What was the first?"

"It, too, was lost in forgetfulness."

"Well, the second, what was at? Well, let us pass to the third; can you tell me it?"

"Nor could one of them be produced."

"Well, John, you cannot possibly have forgotten the improvement made of the subject. You very well remember, I doubt not, the many and various classes of characters therein addressed, and the many and important Christian duties inculcated. The improvement, John, was of all the sermon the most awful, solemn and impressive part. It you cannot surely have forgotten?"

"It was, sir, it was. It made a deep impression on my mind, and I could see very well it did on many others, also; but, Doctor, I have a bad memory, and am sorry to say can repeat but little of the improvement either."

"I waited some time for that '*little*,' but found that the improvement also was lost. I then said,

"Well, John, so far are you from convincing me of the sinfulness and impropriety of preaching a sermon a second time when I go from home, that you have convinced me of the necessity of performing a new duty I never thought of before, namely, the preaching of important sermons twice and again at home."

"When you go home, John, you had better reflect upon the object of your visit to me; and while you are doing that I shall reflect whether it is not my duty to preach next Sunday morning, a third time, the sermon, with a view to assist your so treacherous memory."

"I need not add that John retired, apparently suffering by most mortified feelings."

Where is that church in which is not to be found many such Johns? All cry *Fy fy*, at the repetition of a sermon, but try them as John was tried, and you will find that bad memories are the curse not of John alone. But how appalling the consideration of such a state of things! how discouraging to ministers. How numerous in every church the '*wayside*' hearers!—*Christian Intelligencer*.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

"See here, I hold a Bible in my hand, and you see the cover, the letters, the words, but you do not see the writers, or the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, or the binder. You never did see them you never will see them; and yet there is not one of you who think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther; I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourself obliged to allow that by the contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason, which is here seen."

"In the same manner, if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude that the builder was a person of skill and forecast."

A WOMAN'S JUDGMENT OF A KING.

Madame de Montpensier thus speaks of our Charles II., who had sought her hand:—"The queen asked him some particulars respecting his affairs, but he answered not a word; and on her proceeding to question him on many serious points, which concerned him much, he excused himself by saying that he was very little acquainted with our language. I confess that, from this moment, I resolved on declining his proposals; for I formed a bad opinion of him as king, from his having, at the age which he had reached, so little knowledge of his own affairs. In him I recognized the blood of the Bourbons—a race, myself, perhaps, included in it, too much engrossed in the pursuit of bagatelles."

"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted mb-shell.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York :

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848.

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THE HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

This body held its annual session in Hudson, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The weather was cool and pleasant, and the attendance good. The meetings were unusually interesting. It seemed to be the opinion of all who were present, that the session was one of the best they ever attended. The friends at Hudson made provision for the entertainment of a large number of visitors, and we regret that there were not enough to occupy all the places that were furnished. But, being determined that they would not be wholly disappointed, they insisted upon the pleasure of having some of the visitors take dinner or tea with them. Their great cordiality and kindness added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

The council was organized by choosing Br. Moore, a layman, of Schenectady, Moderator, and Br. Gurnsey, a layman, of Hudson, Clerk. The business of the council, much of which was of vital interest to the denomination, was transacted in a spirit of great harmony. The recommendation of the New York State Convention, in regard to fellowship, was adopted, and Committees were appointed to secure the labors of two Missionaries within the boundaries of the Association. A letter of fellowship was granted to Br. Smith of Stockport, a recent convert from the Methodists. He is preaching to good acceptance in S., and under his labors a society has been formed, which asked and received the fellowship of the Association. Br. Smith was present at the meeting on the first day, but being quite unwell, was obliged to return home.

The first sermon was preached by Br. C. T. Corliss, who has been laboring for a short time past with the Society at Saratoga Springs. His text was Genesis iv. 9. He dwelt chiefly upon the latter clause of the text, Am I my brother's keeper? He commenced by relating the circumstances of the text. He then proceeded to show that every man is bound to feel for his brother. He gave instances in proof of this.—He referred first to the duty of parents. They are bound to care for their children. The helplessness of children shows the existence of this obligation, and that parents should be faithful in fulfilling it, God has implanted in the hearts of all parents a strong, an ever active love for their offspring. The relations subsisting between brothers and sisters, and husbands and wives, were given as a second instance of the obligation binding upon us. Brothers should be kind to brothers and sisters; sisters should be kind to sisters and brothers, and husbands and wives should be kind and faithful to each other. They should be each other's keepers. The friendship of David and Jonathan was given as an instance in which this was done. He showed thirdly that pastors and people should be keepers of each other. The minister must be faithful, watchful, bold and independent. He must constantly seek their good. Paul was such a minister. He shunned no duty. He made great sacrifices, and was willing to suffer the loss of all things in order to serve the world. The attachment of the Ephesians in their affection for Paul, was such as all people should have for their pastor.

The speaker next proceeded to show the extent of the obligation enforced in the text. He showed—1. That we should care for our neighbors. For them we should be willing to labor; we should love them; be kind to them and do them all

the good we can. 2. We should love our country and care for it. Patriotism is a common passion—all people love the country that gave them birth. 3. We should love the world. All men are brethren. The true circle of goodness is the world. Every man, of every kindred and tongue, has a claim upon us. We are bound to care for the bodily weal and the spiritual good of all men. A neglect to do this is a sin.

The speaker proceeded to show in the third place, the considerations which prove the duty of all men to be the keepers of each other. 1. All are of one blood, the race is one family. 2. All are equally dependent upon God. Sunshine and rain, and all blessings come from God. 3. All are equally exposed to the same evils, dangers and trials; we are all mariners on the same stormy ocean; travelers on the same journey; destined to the same eternity. 4. We are all interested in the scheme of grace—we are all redeemed by the same blood—those living in the cold regions of the North and those in the sunny regions of the South, are alike the objects of the Savior's love. Should we not, then, love all? Are we not keepers of each other?

In the afternoon a Sermon was preached by Br. D. C. Tomlinson, of Richfield Springs, N. Y. His text was, John x. 11: "I am the good Shepherd." He commenced by speaking of the character of a good shepherd. He guards his flock, he feeds them, and he goes after the wandering. The character of the shepherd is employed in the Bible, to represent the care of God over the world, and the character of Christ as the Savior of the world. Jesus found the race in a state of sin and ignorance, wandering in ways of darkness and ruin. As a good shepherd, he sought to bring them into the green pastures of life and of love. In this work he was untiring. He endured pain and reproach, and pursued his object amid dangers and difficulties of the greatest magnitude. He loved all—he sought the salvation of all—in the prosecution of his work he gave himself a ransom for the world—"The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." How affecting was the death of Christ! How great his sufferings! Look at him as he hung bleeding upon the cross. Oh, I am afraid that we do not realize what his sufferings were. In his death we see the love of God and his own great and enduring love for man. Such was the Savior as a good Shepherd. He loved his flock, he guarded them, he restored them when they wandered from duty, and he died for them. From the character of the good Shepherd we learn what must be the character of all who are his in spirit and in life. They are kind to each other; they feel an interest in each other; they love each other. Possessing this character, they are ready to engage in every benevolent enterprise that claims attention. They are, first, friends of prison reform; second, of the oppressed slave; third, of mild and just laws; and fourth, of temperance.

In the evening a sermon was preached by Br. O. A. Skinner on Matt. v. 43, 44, 45. The object of the discourse was to show, that loving enemies is imitating God.

After the Sermon we had a Conference Meeting. Addresses were made by Brs. Bulkeley, Waggoner, Moore, Tomlinson, Skinner, and the Rev. Mr. Snow of Boston, a Unitarian. This was a most excellent meeting.

On the morning of the second day a Sermon was preached by Br. O. H. Roberts of Lakeville, N. Y. His text was John xiv. 8: "Show us the Father." The speaker commenced by giving a brief account of the circumstances under which the text was uttered. He then proceeded to speak of the sense in which Christ showed the Father. Though Christ said, I am in the Father, and the Father in me, he did not intend to convey the idea that he was God. The language he used is no proof of the Trinity,—that theological puzzle. True, Jesus says, the Father is in him and that he is in the Father; but we find similar language employed in reference

to God and men. John says: "Whoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in him." Now, said the preacher, if we say, because God was in Christ, that Christ was God, we must say that men are God. Jesus, then, did not show the Father by revealing his person; he did not say they saw the person of God in himself. How then did he show the Father? The connection in which the text was found gave the answer. He showed the Father by making known his love and grace; his [pity and compassion; his purposes of mercy and kindness.

All have now a wish to know the Father. This wish can be gratified if we will consult the holy Scriptures. 1 Jesus says, "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hands." Here we see that the Father loveth—the Father loveth the Son. This love leads him to do good. Hence Jesus says, "and hath given all things into his hands." The object for which this gift was made may be gathered from the following words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it. If ye love me, keep my commandments: and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life: and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." What love! What a gracious design! How justly could Paul say: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? Or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him are all things: to whom be glory for ever." 2. If we will consider what is said in regard to the will of God, we shall see the Father. "Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time."

Thus the Father wills to have all men saved. O, what a Father! who will not bless him? All to whom the Father is thus revealed have his Spirit.

In the afternoon the children of the Sabbath School were assembled, together with their parents and friends, to hear an address on the religious education of the young. Br. Waggoner had been appointed to deliver this address; but being severely indisposed, it was delivered by Br. O. A. Skinner. The school sang, in fine style, a hymn from the Manual. This School is one of the best in the denomination.

In the evening a Sermon was preached by Br. Bulkeley; but as we left before the service, we can give no report of his Sermon.

The Society in Hudson is united and strong. It embraces some of the most influential men, of the best families in the place. It has a neat Church, an excellent choir of singers, a large Sunday-School, and a devoted minister. The kindness of the Society during the meeting will long be remembered by all who were present.

O. A. S.

REMOVALS.

Br. DeLong has removed from Wilkesbarre to Providence, Luzerne Co., Pa.

Br. E. W. Coffin has removed to Annisquam, Mass.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

The Scriptures set forth two agents that are constantly exerting their influence upon the world. One is light the other is darkness; in other words, one is truth, the other is error: one is loved and defended by the good; the other is loved and defended by the wicked. The good love light or truth because congenial to their feelings and habits; the wicked love darkness or error because congenial to their feelings and habits.

In the love which the wicked have for error, we have not, as some suppose, evidence of native depravity—we have evidence only of an acquired depravity—they love it not because they were born wicked, but because they have become wicked. In the countenance which error gives to sin we see why it receives so much support in the world, and why men are willing to toil and suffer so much for its defence. All history shows that error finds favor very nearly in proportion to the wickedness of the people to whom it is proclaimed. Go, for instance, to a people who have no habits of inebriation with the doctrine of temperance, and they will receive it with all readiness of heart; but go with it to a people enslaved by those habits, and they will resist it in the most violent and determined manner. This accounts for the almost unlimited dominion of error, and for the strong-holds it has gained in the world.

If we turn back to the infancy of the race, we find God revealing his mind and will to the Patriarchs. He gave them very clear views of his character and government, and of their religious and moral duties. For a season these views were loved and cherished. At length becoming depraved in feeling and conduct, they despised the truths God had revealed, and embraced pernicious errors. They continued to grow worse and worse till corruption extended over the whole world, and all divine knowledge was effaced from the minds of the people. Thus by sin truth was driven from the earth!

If we come down to the patriarchal age, we find God again unfolding his will, and teaching those sublime truths which lead man to love and obey his Creator, and be kind and faithful to his brother man. Few have ever had more exalted views of God's fidelity and superintending care, than Abraham exhibited when he prepared to sacrifice his son. And few have ever exhibited a more gentle, yielding and brotherly spirit, than was manifested by him when he said to Lot—"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left." Though such exalted views of God and duty were entertained by Abraham and the other patriarchs, we do not find them spreading over their country, or even warmly cherished by their descendants. The great multitude of the people were wicked, and followed the directions of error, so that the light he had given to the world was extinguished, and darkness brooded over the whole earth. Thus truth was again driven from the world by the strong arm of sin!

If we come down to the Mosaic dispensation, we find the light of God once more shining upon the human soul with increased splendor and fulness. Age after age passes away, and yet the light, through the instrumentality of Heaven-sent prophets, is continued. At length the last prophet appears, and with his departure from the earth the lamp of truth began to grow dim. With every advancing year its light lessened, till at length it completely died away; and the people among whom prophets for so many successive centuries had toiled with such a holy zeal, were lost in darkness. The reason was, *their deeds were evil—their corruption extinguished*

the light by which they had been blessed. Thus sin once more drove truth from the world.

If we come down to the Christian dispensation, we find light again pouring its gladdening beams upon the earth. The Sun of Righteousness arose with a splendor that turned the gloom of night into all the brightness of day. Black and heavy clouds, that had lain for ages upon the world, passed away like the mists of morning; and the mind, roused from its long sleep, beheld the brightness with wonder and joy. As this great light continued to increase, its rays penetrated through darkened windows of temples consecrated to error, and ere long their awful gloom was dissipated, and they became resplendent with light. But as time rolled on, and the servants of God became proud and faithless, sin began to appear in its wonted forms; and after centuries of growth and increasing sway, it succeeded in driving the last vestige of light from the world. And then followed the dark ages!

From this brief history, we see how true it is, that men love darkness because their deeds are evil. The same fact is exhibited daily in the conduct of the wicked. Men generally oppose the truth just in proportion as they have progressed in sin. Let an individual who has loved religion—loved its worship—loved its songs of praise—become profane and intemperate and licentious, and he will soon doubt the truth of the Gospel—he will soon begin to argue against its claims, and in a short time he heard reviling his God and his Savior! It is not strange that it should be so. Truth teaches that there is a God to whom we are accountable, and who will fully punish all for their transgressions. Truth also teaches, that lying, swearing, stealing, and drinking are horrible sins, for which man must answer before his judge. How natural, then, that an abandoned man should deny God—deny his right to govern—deny the equity of his laws. How natural, too, that he should fight against that which calls him a rebel—which charges him with being a vile offender.

Here, then, is the reason why wicked men love error. It tells them that there is no God, and that comforts them; that they are not accountable, and that makes them easy; that there is no difference, except in name, between right and wrong, and that takes away some of their sense of shame; that man is justified in enjoying himself as he desires, and that gives them self-satisfaction. This, therefore, accounts for the success which error has met in the world. It is not because consistent and harmonious, clear, convincing and powerful, that it has had such unlimited sway—that its empire has in almost every age extended from sea to sea—that it has occupied all the strongholds in the world—that the mightiest armies have been willing to fight for it—that the richest and most effective governments have given it their support—that it has had its home in palaces, occupied thrones, controlled wealth, talent and learning. Neither is it because truth is feeble, and obscure, and contradictory, and without claims to credence, that it has been despised and rejected, and dwelt in caves and hovels, and gone clothed in rags. O no—these things have been because men have been wicked; they have been selfish and carnal; they have been partial and revengeful; they have been proud and ambitious. How was it with the Jews? Did they not fight against the Gospel, in consequence of its unrestricted benevolence? Did they not hate it because it condemned their narrow love, and their ceremonial righteousness, and demanded of them a universal love and a life of active virtue? How was it with the corruptors of Christianity? Did they not hate its doctrine of equality, because they wished for despotic power? Did they not denounce its idea of universal love, because it conflicted with their avarice and selfishness? Did they not, in proportion as they advanced in sin, condemn the precepts requiring purity of life, and defend the error which substituted religious forms for personal excellences?

Had a person in the dark ages defended pure Christianity, he would have been accounted insane; and what a madman once fancied, he would have found to be true. "I said the world was mad, but the world said I was mad, and as they outvoted me, I had to make my home in the mad-house." A Christian, in the dark ages would have been precisely in his situation.—Truth meets the same difficulty now that it did ages ago, it has to force its way against evil deeds. Here is the reason why stern, iron-hearted men look with such cold scorn upon the doctrine of infinite love and grace. The arbitrary, tyrannical system of theology which had its origin in an age of despotism is what they like. Here too is the reason, why proud, ambitious, honor-seeking people, always assail with such bitterness the doctrine of impartial benevolence. It is as odious to them as pure republicanism is to princes and kings.

We are often accused of making the righteous sad. That we make people sad, I do not doubt; for we preach a religion which says, that God is the equal friend of all, that he prefers a pure life to faith in mere dogmas, and that he is no Christian who will despise the poor and sick and sorrowful, even though prayer is ever upon his lips when in the church of God. We doubt whether those are righteous, however, who are made sad in this way. Mere Sunday religion is no evidence of righteousness. A man who has a long face may have an elastic conscience and an unruly tongue. Religion is an article for every-day use, and should not be kept locked up in the church. Righteousness not only prays and hears sermons and defends the creed and sings psalms, but it labors to lift up the degraded, to equalize the condition of society, and to help the unfortunate.

O. A. S.

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

One of the severest trials to which we are subjected in life, is that which we experience when called upon to part with a child. The ties which bind us to our offspring are the strongest and holiest that link together human hearts, and when they are severed a strange and overpowering sorrow takes possession of us, and we feel as though life had lost all its charms. Others may survive the one whose loss we mourn, and others which we love as fondly as we loved the one that is gone. But for a season we almost forget them, and feel as though we would gladly follow our departed one to the land of spirits.

This heavy trial has recently been the sad portion of several of our ministering brethren. Br. Sawyer has been bereft of two lovely children, who died within a few weeks of each other. What a change have these afflictions wrought in his family! How desolate must his home seem? But he bows with Christian submission. The following letter will show the spirit in which he bears his trials:

CLINTON, MONDAY MORNING, Aug. 28, 1848.

BR. SKINNER:—On the 11th inst. we closed the eyes of our little Mary. Yesterday at a few minutes before four o'clock P. M. the Good Father recalled the spirit of our little Theodore. You will remember him: he was one of the twins, an intelligent, active and most affectionate child. He was sick but a few hours over one week, yet that was a week of great suffering. His disease was dysentery, so prevalent and fatal in many parts of the country. But his pains are over now, and he rests in the bosom of his God.

Under this second stroke, in this second bereavement, we recognize the hand of our heavenly Father, and though we cannot but weep, we will not murmur or complain. While he lived we prayed, oh, how fervently, in the language of the Great Teacher, that this cup might pass from us, yet we added, Not our will, but thine be done. And now that our dear boy is gone, we say with Job, The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

I know, that we shall share the sympathies of many friends in

New York, and I hope that their prayers may be added to our own that these afflictions, so severe, so poignant, may be sanctified to our spiritual good. Will you remember us next Sabbath in that sanctuary, and at that altar, where our hearts have known so much joy. In tears, but with much love,

Yours in Christ Jesus, T. J. SAWYER.

Br. U. Clark of Lowell, while on a visit to his brother in Jersey City a week or two since, was called to part with his only child—a bright and promising boy about one year old.—The death of a child is hard under any circumstances; but how much harder under the circumstances which attended the death of this one. It was an only child—the first born—it died from home, and was buried with strangers where affection cannot visit its grave, and water with its tears the flowers that may bloom upon it. I shall never forget the words of its youthful mother, when I had concluded the service at its funeral. “I know,” said she, “that he has gone to the Good Parent—I know that he is happy; and I would not call him back if I could. But O! how I shall miss him! and how dark my home will be without him!” These words were uttered in a tone of submission and hope, which made me feel more than I had ever done the blessedness of Christian consolation.

To these deaths, we must add still another. Br. A. Hichborn, of South Reading, Mass., has recently been bereft of a child.

Thus death enters all families, and those whose office it is to speak words of consolation to mourners, often need the words of consolation addressed to them. Their children and friends are mortal, the same as those to whom they minister. All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flowers of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God abideth forever.

O. A. S.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. XIV.

BUCKERBERG, SCHAUMBERG—LIPPE, }
GERMANY, JULY 11, 1848. }

BROS.:—I ought to have described a curious contrivance we first saw in Rotterdam, but which is common in all the cities of Holland, by which the curiosity of street-gazers can be gratified without the trouble of going to the window. It consists of mirrors, so arranged outside the window, that a person sitting in the room can see whatever passes in the street. Some have only one. Such only see the faces of persons going one way. The better houses have two, so as to see both ways, and many have a third one arranged over the others, by which they can see who is at the door when the bell rings, and thus be able to determine what word to send to the door, whether home or not.

Amsterdam is a large city, containing over 200,000 inhabitants. It is not so clean and nice as the other Dutch cities. The canals give out a worse stench, owing to the mass of filth and vegetables thrown into them, and left to putrefy. It is a place of extensive commercial enterprise, and possesses great wealth. The buildings are generally old, many of them leaning; its streets narrow, dirty, and full of people. What contrasted forcibly with our cities, was the almost entire absence of building—scarce a new house being in process of erection in all Holland, never a block, as is seen all over New York. Builders must be in poor demand in this country.

We took a pleasant morning to visit Saardam, to see the noted house where Peter the Great lived, while learning the trade of ship-carpenter. We went on board a decent little steamer, and secured, what we thought, a good position to see and be

comfortable, forgetting to inquire about rank, and enjoyed our sail very much, having a fine view of the port and shipping, and the surrounding country. When the Captain came round to collect our fare, lo, we found ourselves in the third class! never having thought till that moment but that we were as good and comfortable as anybody else. In fact, we, with three others of the same “class,” constituted the entire list of passengers.

The house of Peter, which, like most others of Saardam, is built of wood, one story high, with two rooms. In the great freshet of '25 it sunk several feet, one side more than the other, so that it now stands singularly askew. A roof resting upon brick pillars has since been built over to preserve it from destruction. The table at which he ate, the three chairs, the bunk, or bed-place, closed in like a cupboard from the kitchen, are shown. The walls are written or scratched all over with names of people from all countries, from princes to peasants, and seven large volumes are filled with the names of visitors inscribed, with their own hands. Two or three portraits of the great man, and one of his wife. On one picture is the motto:

“Dan grooten man is nietz to klein.
Pieter baas.”

Which being translated, means, “Nothing is too small for a great man.” The same sentiment, which was put up at the desire of the Czar, is in Russian, and also differently worded in Dutch. It would be a blessing to the world if such principles were practically prevalent, for too many people think that to be great is to be good for nothing, and that usefulness is menial. Peter, like Washington, was a great man because he did much good. And every man, however humble his position, is great, who strives to be good and useful.

At Saardam we hired a ——— well, it was a sort of a carriage, and rode a dozen miles along the great dyke, first to Bucksloot, where we turned off and went to Broch, a little village which had been described to us as wonderful for its beauty and cleanliness; where the houses are imbedded in flowers, the walks paved in mosaic, and “bordered with shells and bits of glass grotesquely but prettily arranged;” where “cat or dog are seldom seen,” and “carriages never permitted to enter the village,” and the houses “painted white and green, of a most whimsical shape and appearance,” and so neat that people put off their shoes to enter them. It was further said that the shutters were generally closed, and the principal entrance seldom opened but on the marriage or death of one of the family—that the people scarcely ever admitted a stranger, and held but little intercourse with each other. By several we were told it was a real paradise. Our expectations were raised to the highest pitch, as we approached this wonderful village. But what was our disappointment when the extravagant enchantment of travelers' stories dissolved, and left the dark reality before our eyes. Broch is a very neat little straggling village of, I should say, four hundred inhabitants. The houses, generally, are of wood, one story high, with little yards about them, and are approached by walks paved with small pebbles, a few bordered and ornamented with those of a different color. As for the fantastic colors, we saw none, and the shutters and front doors were not more generally closed than in any country town when rarely used. Of shoes, huge wooden clogs, we saw some standing at the doors, presuming the comfort of the wearers induced them to lay them off, and put on more decent ones in the house, which is a common practice all over Holland. As for horses, I doubt whether there are any in the place, and if there were they could not be used in the streets, they are so narrow, and there are only foot bridges over the canals, which run by the side of every house. These ditches are six or eight feet wide, and communicate with the open basin upon which the main canal extends to the Aij before Amsterdam. These

ditches, from which the houses are elevated only two or three feet, are full of stagnant green water, and into them the refuse matter is thrown and left to putrefy. In short, we were disappointed in the neatness and marvellous beauty of far-famed Broch, not because it was not a very pretty place for Holland, but because its prettiness had been so extravagantly magnified. But everything is seen and judged of relatively. A dweller among the Alps would call the White Mountains small hills. We have a hundred villages in New England or New York, prettier far than Broch.

From Amsterdam we proceeded to Utrecht by railroad, (Ipoorweg) as indeed we had come all the way from Rotterdam. On leaving the hotel we found our luggage perched upon a wheelbarrow, and in charge of a young woman. Having never seen women carry baggage for the men, we stoutly objected as a violation of our rules of gallantry. She insisted, and our host having informed us that her mother was a poor widow, living with him, and that it would be a generous act if we would allow her to go; as an act of kindness we submitted, and off she trudged with the heavy barrow and our light baggage, the distance of a mile, keeping the middle of the street all the way. At first we felt ashamed of ourselves, but seeing others in the same condition, we tried to comfort ourselves with the reflection that "when in Rome we must do as the Romans do," and that it was a service we had not sought, but submitted to.

About half way to Utrecht, the ground gradually rises, and fields of grain and orchards of fruit appear, and the country begins to wear a more inviting dress. From this onward to the sandy desert land beyond Utrecht, the whole land is highly cultivated in grain. Utrecht is an open airy place, containing little to interest the traveler, except the tower which formerly belonged to the Cathedral, but is now separated from it, the nave having been taken away, leaving an open space of 64 paces between it and the transepts of the Church, which with the choir, is still standing, and one aisle occupied for worship, being separated from the rest by a screen. The tower is 464 feet high, and about 60 square at the base, retaining the same size nearly to the top. The arch through which people once entered the solemn building, is now a common thoroughfare for footmen and teams, and two women were shaking pieces of carpet in its cool shade when we were there. A family lived part way up the tower, at least 200 feet, who may be called high livers. The view from the top is grand, overlooking the whole of Utrecht, Rotterdam, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and innumerable villages, with their tall steeples peering high above every other object in the land, the Rhine, the canals, bordered by rows of trees, the road and rail track, the vast Pyramid of earth, built in thirty days, by the French troops under General Marmont, in honor of Napoleon's coronation as Emperor. It is 110 feet high, and 148 on each side, at the base, with a tower upon the top, distant, perhaps, 15 miles. Utrecht, standing on more elevated ground, the canals, without which a Dutchman could not live, are some eight or ten feet below the pavements. Avenues, or rooms under the streets, connect each house with these canals, in which are bake-houses, wash-rooms, kitchens, &c. The water for cooking, mixing bread, &c., is dipped from the canals as in Rotterdam. Celebrated as the Dutch justly are for the extreme neatness of their houses, this practice would not be tolerated in some countries of less pretensions to cleanliness.

From Utrecht to Arnheim, on the Rhine, the land is, much of it, a poor, sandy, and almost barren waste—a real Cape Cod country. Still, attempts are made to cultivate it in some places, and fields of Rye, of the smallest growth, are frequent. Arnheim is a pleasant little town, which shows some thrift since the railroad has been in operation. I was so delighted to get in sight of running water, with elevated banks—for just

back of the village there is a little elevation—that I could not stop for dinner, but left H. to eat, while I strolled along the shore and enjoyed the luxury of a good bath, the first real good one I had taken since leaving Holy Well in Wales. The Rhine is, here, a small stream, having lost two branches above, the Yssel, which runs north to the Zuyder Zee, and the Waal, which is the largest of the three, and in part returns to the course of the Rhine before reaching Rotterdam, which is now called the Maas. The Rhine itself having lost its main strength, turns off a little below Arnheim, as if ashamed to go to the sea short of its former glory, and losing near Utrecht another branch, greater than itself, it makes a slow and sullen progress on to Leyden, where it is finally pumped out by the wind, over the dyke into the sea. Such is the famous Rhine. It starts near the highest peak of the Alps, cool, pure and powerful. It rolls on gaining strength as it goes, resting awhile in Lake Constance, and then in great pride marches on through highland and low, till its union is divided, its strength wasted, and glory gone. What an emblem of the stream of human life, and of national existence!

At Arnheim, we took a steamer which had come up the Yssel from Amsterdam—small, but large for the half dozen passengers on board. A little above A. we passed the *mouth*—no, the *deparure* of the Yssel or which turns off like a revolted nation, or disobedient son, determined to have its own way. A few miles further on we saw another steamer puffing along through the meadows on our right, and soon it shot out into the stream ahead of us. Our Captain told us it was from Rotterdam, and had come up the Waal, by Dort and Nymegen. In a few minutes we passed the *head* of the Waal, which, like some other children, is larger than its parent. A strong work has been erected here to regulate the course of these rivers, upon which the whole country of Holland depends for its safety.

There is little to interest the voyager up the Rhine, so far as we have traveled on it. Its beauties to us are prospective. These are between Cologne and Manheim, we are told. Over the Dykes, at distances varying from a few rods to several miles, we could see the tops of villages, with every now and then a tall steeple looming above everything else.

At Emerich we entered the Russian Dominions, and passed the formal examination of a custom-house officer, nothing being touched, and our passports not looked at. We advise everybody traveling in Europe to take the least possible amount of luggage. Better buy than carry extra garments. Emerich is a wretched village; everybody and thing looks bad. Our boat laid by for the night, as did the one which preceded us, and the passengers went on shore to sleep. The Captain was quite surprised when I told him, next day, that boats in our country were never laid up for the night, but that there was more traveling nights than days, in our country. The Rhine, here, is about the size of the Ohio, and in some respects resembles it—the color of the water, rapidity of the current, size of the stream, and bars in the channel &c. But the dense forests, occasionally elevated shores, and farm-houses, are wanting to complete the likeness.

We reached Duisberg at 3, where we left the boat to take the railroad to this place. Three of the passengers landed here; but one or two had been added to our number all the way. The weather was intolerably hot, and there was no conveyance to the station, which was a mile off, except a wheelbarrow and two boys. There is none of the spirit, stir, and bustle of our country, seen here on the arrival or departure of a boat, for nobody travels. Duisberg is a small walled town, which, in connection with Ruhort, is of considerable consequence, on account of the coal business, which comes in here from the back country.

After waiting three hours, we started in the cars for Homm,

the terminus for the day, where we lodged. On the way we passed a few places of little importance, and through a poor but well cultivated country. Half the labor bestowed upon almost any portion of American soil would yield twice the amount of produce. At Dortmund, the largest village on our way, and a walled town, we saw crowds about the station, full of glee; a fac-simile of such scenes as will, doubtless, be common enough in our country from this to November. A multitude of all grades of appearance came on board of our train with a band of music, and the cars were enveloped in clouds of smoke. From what we could understand of the broken French of one who undertook to talk with us, we gathered that a great political meeting had been held in favor of the Revolution.

From Homm to this place, the journey was five hours, through a country somewhat improved in quality, especially the latter part of the way, the surface being more undulating, and the soil deeper and more loamy. We passed several villages on the way, all of about the same character, low houses, with steep roofs, covered over with red tiles. The last of them before reaching this place, was Minden, a walled town of 12,000 inhabitants.

On our arrival at this station our luggage was seized and hurried off; one man jabbered away, and pulled me along with him. H., like myself, thinking some of the many loafers about stations, here as well as in America, were getting the job of carrying our bags, followed on after them, but was soon turned outside with myself. Here we waited some time, seeing all safe through the window; when, on inquiry, we learned that we were in another country, and that this was a Custom House. Our plunder was soon returned to us, and we went about our business in peace.

Buckerberg is the chief town of the Principality of Schaumburg-Lippe, one of the *Thirty four* sovereignties, or independencies, called here *counties* of Germany. It is a small territory some ten miles square, containing, perhaps, 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, and governed by a Prince, called *Fuerst*, and having a sort of legislature, which, however, till the Revolution of last spring, possessed no real power. The present Prince is about 60 years old, a very decent looking man, with a mustache, which, by the way, is very common here among Military and would-be great men. But he is not much beloved by his subjects, having little concern, they think, for the rights or welfare of anybody but himself and family. In proof of this they cite the fact that he has taken 40 or 50 acres of land formerly used for pasturage for a fish-pond, exclusively appropriated to his own use, which to the peasantry is a loss of no small importance in a country as densely populated as this. He claims all the wood-land, all the coal, and a large portion of the soil as his, which is dealt out in the style of Feudal times. He keeps himself excluded in his castle, which is a crazy old three story mansion, standing just outside of this village, nearly surrounded by a wide ditch filled with water in which he keeps his fish and on which he has two rusty old row-boats. Soldiers guard the gate which leads to the Mansion, night and day. The castle consists of a front building, the main residence, with a small court in the rear with a chapel on one side and a Theatre on the other, and a building in the rear. A row of old irregular buildings encircles the paved yard in front, a portion of which are used for barracks, to have his soldiers near him in case of need, for these are troublesome times, and "royal blood" flows *irregularly* through princely veins, which makes them feel giddy in their exaltation. His stables adjoin the streets of the village, and contain sixty fine horses, besides twenty for the "erb prince" who lives with his father. Besides these he has as many more in his pastures which are growing up for future use.

BURNING OF THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH IN BROOKLYN.

We are pained to record, that by the late destructive conflagration in Brooklyn, the beautiful Tabernacle, at the corner of Fulton and Pine-apple streets, was laid in ruins. The Church, however, we understand was not the property of the society, but of stock-holders, who were fully insured. The property in the church, belonging to the society, was saved, with the exception of the Organ, which was insured. We are sorry to add that the Insurance Company, in which \$5000 on the church, and \$1500 on the Organ, were insured has probably lost more than all its means, so that it will not be able to meet its obligations.

We learn from Bro. Thayer, with great pleasure that Mr. Farley called together the Trustees of the Unitarian Church at the close of his morning service, who by a unanimous vote promptly and kindly proffered the use of their church, every Sunday afternoon, to our society in Brooklyn so long as their wants might require it. We are also informed by Bro. Thayer that Rev. Mr. Beecher; (Orthodox congregationalist) at the earliest hour, generously tendered to the Universalist Sabbath School the use of his session room.

Such instances of kindness and liberality are honorable to the christian profession, and illustrate how, in times of public calamity and suffering, the heart overmasters all prejudice, and vindicates the excellence of the Gospel of Jesus, and the goodness of human nature. Such events are gleams of light breaking in upon the gloom of those dark times, and give peace, and even joy, amid the general sorrow consequent upon the loss of life and property. We shall have occasion to allude to this again; expressing the hope in the meantime, that such examples of Christian kindness may be multiplied in our midst.

CONFERENCE AT HERKIMER.

The Conference of the Mohawk River Association, held at Herkimer, N. Y., week before last, was very numerous attended. It is estimated that two thousand persons were present. The friends came in crowds from all parts of the country. The meeting was continued two days, and the interest manifested was very great. The services were held in the Dutch Reformed Church, which was kindly offered for the use of our friends. The minister attended most of the meetings, and two other Unitarian clergymen were also present at some of the meetings. The preaching was good and powerful, and the singing very excellent. During the meeting Br. J. H. Harter was ordained to the work of the ministry. The Sermon was preached by Br. D. Skinner.

THE CHURCH AT BRIDGEPORT.

We are happy to learn from Br. Moses Ballou, that the church in Bridgeport has just been finely repainted in the interior and fitted up in admirable taste. The walls back of the desk are in Fresco, and the remainder, in imitation of stone. Two tables with Biblical inscriptions, are placed at the sides of the desk, at an expense, including all, of \$250, the gift of P. T. Barnum Esq. A generous present.

RESIGNATION OF BR. NYE.

For the sake of our cause in Bangor and this State, says the "Gospel Banner," we regret to learn, that Br. H. R. Nye has resigned the pastoral charge of the Universalist society in that city, having accepted an appointment of the Boston Universalist Missionary Association to labor as an evangelist in Essex and Middlesex counties for the ensuing year. Br. Nye has strong friends in Bangor, who will grieve to be deprived of his faithful and acceptable services.

New Publications.

THE UNIVERSALIST ALMANAC AND REGISTER.—The Almanac and Register for 1849 has been received. It is greatly enlarged and is published in a very neat style. It contains sixty pages. Orders for the work must be addressed to the publisher, A. Tompkins, Boston. This is a very useful publication, and possesses to all Universalists great interest. It contains besides the astronomical calculations, common to all almanacs, several well written articles on Universalism, the names and residences of all our preachers, and a list of all our societies, conventions, associations, schools, and periodicals.

The September number of the Miscellany has been received. The table of contents shows that the work still retains its value :

The Motive to Obedience, by Rev. S. Goff; the Life of Christianity, by Rev. H. P. Cutting; the Artist of the Cell, by Miss Julia A. Fletcher; History of the Universalist Society in Portsmouth, N. H. by Rev. T. Whittemore; Clairvoyant Sketches—number four, by Rev. Peter Benson's Daughter.

THE EDITORS' GLEANINGS.—Cambridge Divinity School; Bro. W. H. Ryder. The Catholics; Mayor Quincy and the Public Schools of Boston; the Trumpet; the Gospel Banner; the Ladies' Repository; Universalist Almanac and Register for 1849; MONTHLY RECORD.

The engraving of the Portsmouth society is admirable. We never saw a better one. The history of the society by Bro. Whittemore is very full and highly interesting.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The No. for September of this month has been received. It contains a neat engraving called, "The Evening Star." It has articles by the Editor, Br. H. Bacon, and by E. Barrett, H. J. Lewis, A. A. Morton, C. H. Fay, and several who write over assumed signatures. The number is a good one.

The September number of the Knickerbocker has been received. This is one of the best Magazines of the country.—John Allen, No. 139 Nassau St., Publisher. The Editor's Table is always rich.

The Illustrated Bible is regularly progressing. Paris 57 and 58 have been received. No work in the country has engravings superior to this. Each engraving is worth more than 25 cts. the cost of a number. Virtue, publisher, 26 John St., N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER has been received. This is one of the most able and literary religious Reviews of the country. The present number has several excellent articles. The review of the Memoirs of Dr. Channing by Mr. Furness, is fair and candid. The article by Mr. Burnap, on Theology, is one of great value. We should be glad to give it to our readers. The Examiner is published by Crosby & Nichols, of Boston Francis & Co., of this city, agents.

Secular Department.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

A fire broke out in Brooklyn, on Saturday night last, which in six hours time laid waste eight blocks of buildings in the most active part of the city, destroying upwards of two hundred houses, and property to the value of at least \$1,500,000.

The fire commenced about 11 1-2 o'clock, in the rear of the grocery store of John Riley, at 120 Fulton-st. near Middagh, as is supposed from the bursting of a camphene lamp.

The number of buildings destroyed is estimated at from 250 to 300, including the churches, and other public buildings. The Churches alluded to are:

The 1st Universalist Church, at the corner of Pineapple and Fulton-sts.

The 1st Baptist Church—the Rev. Mr. Hodges—at the corner of Liberty and Nassau-sts.; and

The Sands-st. Methodist Church, in Sands near Fulton-st.

The Post Office, at 174 Fulton-st. was destroyed, with a part of Saturday night's mail. Persons corresponding with their friends upon that fated day, will do well to bear this fact in mind, in order to repair if possible, any difficulties which may arise from the non-delivery of the communications.

The office of the *Long Island Star*, situated in Orange-st. near Fulton-st. was entirely destroyed. Although Mr. Spooner was partially insured, the loss is very heavy for him. It is but a few days since he got in a large amount of new type, all of which was lost.

The progress of the flames was at length arrested by blowing up several valuable buildings. By this sad visitation of Providence several lives were destroyed, and a large number of families thrown homeless and shelterless, upon the charities of the world.

There are many, we understand, whose helpless and destitute condition appeal strongly to the charities of the public. We trust that the appeal will not be made in vain.

LAUNCH OF THE STEAMSHIP GEORGIA.

This splendid Steamship, built by Messrs. Smith and Dimon of this city, who are extensively known as among the best ship builders of this country, was launched on Wednesday last. The day was fine, and the concourse of people immense. She went off in admirable style, amid the cheers of the multitude. Several members of Congress were present. The following description of the ship we copy from the Herald:

THE STEAMSHIP GEORGIA.—This noble ship, the second of the New York and New Orleans line of mail steamers, deserves a more extended notice than the brief announcement of her launch in yesterday's paper.

The Georgia is larger in point of tonnage than her consort, the Ohio—larger than any steamer built or building on this side of the Atlantic; and, with the solitary exception of the Great Britain, larger than any steamship in the world. Her dimensions by measurement were given yesterday, but colossal as they are, they convey but a very imperfect idea of her real size, except to those accustomed to calculate the burthen of a ship by Custom House rule. To the uninitiated, the view of her upper deck affords a much better means of appreciating her vast proportions, for here, before the eye, is spread a floor extending in length 275 feet, from stem to stern, with an extreme breadth amidships of 80 feet, presenting a superficial surface of not much less than half an acre, a space upon which a regiment might be manoeuvred. The actual tonnage of the Georgia is not far from 2,800.

Her magnitude, however, is by no means her most remarkable point. The entire novelty and striking peculiarity of her model, combining, as it does, the result of the observation, experience and skill of some of the ablest mechanics and naval architects New York can boast of, is still better worth attention.

Neither time nor space would serve to describe the many points of difference between the hull of the Georgia and that of any of the fleet of fine steamers building in our port; but there are certain peculiarities which we cannot help adverting to, and which we are certain would strike the eye of the most careless observer.—The sharp, clear, yacht-like finish of her bows—her graceful and perfectly easy water lines, the clean and symmetrical curve of her stern, give such promise of unrivalled speed as cannot escape the observation of those who know the fast points of a ship—while her vast breadth of beam, & the roomy construction of her centre afford the fullest assurance of her great bouyancy, stability and capacity.

Both the Georgia and her consort have been built without regard to time or expense, with a sole view to their entire fitness for the important service which they are to perform. There has been no haste in their construction, no unskilful hands employed, and no material but the best and most expensive used upon them. The most minute examination will bear out the truth of this assertion, if any evidence be wanting to establish the character of a ship built by Smith and Dimon, under the superintendence of George Law, Esqr.

STEAMBOAT FAIRFIELD.

Most excellent facilities are furnished by this boat to travellers to Hudson, and intermediate landings on the River and places East of Hudson. By taking this boat passengers will avoid the inconvenience of being landed in the night, arriving at Hudson at an early hour in the morning. The steward understands his duties well. According to our experience, no better furnished tables are found on any boat on the river. Capt. King is a most excellent commander, and with the aid of his obliging assistants, renders a passage on the river most agreeable to those who entrust themselves to his care.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

INVOCATION TO MERCY.

BY LAURA EGGLESTON.

Sweet mercy! Go forth, in thy might everlasting,
And build up the desolate ruins below;
Where woe and despair, sombre shadows are casting,
Let sympathy's sunbeam, spontaneous glow!

Bear onward the chalice of pity, overflowing
With star-dews of goodness, beneficence waves;—
O! reach out thy hand, thy rich offering bestowing
On earth's weary children, in sorrow's cold caves!

The erring and *guilty*, in sin's dark recesses,
Enveloped in gloomy despair's fearful fold;
Oh! win them to virtue, by kindness, that blesses,
And binds the lost spirit, in bright chains of gold!

O mercy! We hail thy bright order, advancing
Along our fair borders; where Liberty reigns:
How glorious their mission—true goodness enhancing,
And, rending oppression and misery's chains!

The loftiest intellects, bow at thy altar,
And wear thy supernal regalia, so fair:
The spirits of darkness, before thee, all falter,
And flee to oblivion's cavern's afar.

Unfurl, thy broad wing o'er our free, happy nation;
Her rulers endow, with thy holiest boon;
And show to the *guilty*, the seal of salvation;—
Oh! lead out, *all captives* to bask in thy noon!
German, N. Y., August, 1848.

Original.

LETTER FROM LOUISA.

We were so much pleased with the following letter, that though not intended for publication, we are constrained to give to our readers, for which liberty we trust no apology will be needed.

MILLINGTON, Aug. 22d., 1848.

DEAR BROTHER.—As it is some time since I have written you, I thought I would take my pen for the purpose of having friendly talk with you, although we are strangers to each other as far as regards outward acquaintanceship. I trust, however, our intellectual acquaintance is less circumscribed; and so, without any apology, I will commence conversation. What changes have occurred in our denomination within the seven years, since I first became familiar with the peculiar doctrines of Universalism and the writings of its advocates, and with a deep and abiding interest in their welfare. When I first perused the welcome pages of the "Union" our ever lamented Julia H. Scott, was a liberal and accomplished contributor, and her writings had an irresistible and beautiful influence over me; an influence ten-fold more powerful now, because her earthly lays have forever ceased. Every thing connected with her possesses a powerful interest to my heart; and to me, her grave is a sacred and endeared spot, where my spirit often makes its pilgrimage. Then there were Br. W. B. Marsh's rose and poetic articles, which were always read with avidity.

He, too, is a dweller in the "better land," where
"In those green and fadeless bowers,
Reclining on their Savior's breast,
The loved and lost of earth have found
A blissful home of endless rest."

That sweet songstress, too, Mrs. C. A. Jerauld, not many months ago, left this earth for that purer sphere of bliss ineffable, where the "ransomed of the Lord" are drinking the pure, living waters from the eternal fount of love. Mrs. S. C. E.

Mayo, too, with whose dear name are associated so many heart-stirring memories, so much of the good and beautiful in Universalism, has also gone home; and that home seems much nearer to our hearts, now that so many whom we love and reverence are there. The skies seem more blue and beautiful now: the moon and stars shine more lovingly upon us. The very breeze seems laden with more holy and subduing influences than before. There are voices now, that speak earnestly, trustingly; voices which vibrate in the innermost recesses of our beings. Far away from all acquaintance and communion with those bright ones while they sojourned on earth, I loved them; and now that they are gone, their memories are embalmed in my lonely, yet trusting spirit. There are those, too, whose lives and writings are disentralling many from old, venerated, established errors, who are yet spared us, whom we can love and cherish, aye more, and be proud of. And when the dark wing of sorrow has unfurled itself over their home-sanctuary, and a beloved one is taken away, we must weep for them.—With what sorrow and sympathy I read Br. Sawyer's letter, announcing the death of his daughter. Although, a few days ago, I was not conscious of the existence of such a child, now I am weeping for the bereaved parents, and thinking how sad must be their home divested of the sunshine of innocence, of childish, loving mirth. A few weeks ago a friend said to me, "Did you ever read the Boy and his Angel?" I replied that I had, and that it was Mrs. Sawyer's composition, and then added, "One would almost imagine that the writer had lost a beloved child, as she describes so touchingly the forebodings and anguish of the mother's heart; but Mrs. Sawyer has been spared that trial." How little then, I thought that such a trial awaited Br. and Sister Sawyer. May God grant them the "oil of joy for mourning; and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Br. Balch's letters render the "Ambassador" very interesting; he has a happy style of narrating his adventures, feelings, &c. Miss Morton, too, has a pleasant manner of writing; a superior style I should imagine, for one no older than herself.

Original.

STRAY THOUGHTS FOR THE MESSENGER.

Time seems to be impartial. It enters into no league either with the rich or poor, with the evil or the good. It stays not in its course to increase the hours of enjoyment to the happy, neither does it hasten its speed to diminish the sufferings of the miserable. Its days are not shortened so as to shroud and cover up the schemes of the fraudulent, neither are they lengthened to facilitate the enterprises of the virtuous and just. No weight of gold can purchase one sand glass of time to eke out to a more fitful measure, the rich man's days, and no prayer however importunate can save the silver chord from being loosed, and the golden bowl broken at the fountain of the poor man's being.—The wise King had a clear preception of this truth when he indited the immortal expression. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither work, wisdom nor device in the grave whither thou art hastening." He well knew, and from his high and elevated position, earnestly sought to impress upon his own age, and the ages that were to follow, that the designs of man, however pure must be prosecuted with fidelity, or that otherwise they and their projectors would perish together beneath the ever advancing tides of time.—He pointed with the sceptre of his mighty intellect through the periods of busy time, wherein men can, and do work; to the noiseless and inactive scenes that lie beyond, and he presents to the astonished gaze of the world the unfinished purposes of mortality that line the shores of that dead sea. He brings near to their aid to our view, the uncaped columns, the skeleton temples and partially erected frame works of the designs of humanity, procrastinated beyond the possibility of completion, which the different periods of time treasure up against themselves.

All this is well known, frequently discoursed upon, theoretically understood, yet practically speaking, Time, its duration and its uses are hidden mysteries. Though we assume to know that this is merely a state of probation for another and a better, yet we seek after the baubles, the enjoyments and the preparatives of this, with an eagerness and constancy that prevents the seeking after the realities, the pleasures and the preparations for the other.

Though we know that the boundary of human effort and enterprise is circumscribed by the measure of Three score, and ten years, and that whatever we mean to leave as a remembrancer that we have been, must be complete and ended within that period, yet instead of pursuing our undertakings with the energy of enlightened minds who "work while it is day;" who work like men, who behold the current of time rolling ceaseless a

their feet, we stand chaffering about what we *intend* to do, what we *design* to accomplish, what we are *preparing* to perform. If we held time by the forelock : or if we could reverse the edge of his scythe at pleasure ; we could not act with less vigour or determination. Christ said that the people of his generation resembled children sitting in the markets, calling to their fellows saying, "we have piped unto you, and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented," may it not well be feared, that the same judgement applied to this generation would be fully as appropriate.

In every thing pertaining to the sacred institutions of religion, and the mission of the Savior, such a judgement certainly would be appropriate. In every thing pertaining to science and philosophy these connecting links between the seen and the unseen, between the fading and the fadeless, man is ever active, and the results of his activity prove his high and immortal lineage; but in the still higher and holier fields of eternal truth, the laborers are few and their efforts misdirected.

The paternity of God, and the fraternity of man, are the grand elements of heavenly truth. To lead to a knowledge of these, nature is fitted up in the rich attire of mingling beauties, and its laws in blending concords so that no eye can misread, and no heart can misunderstand that it is created by, and intended for the promotion of benevolence.

The beautiful system of theology built up by the holy hands of Christ and his apostles, so far as it is left unmarred by the finger of hands impure, has engraven on all its portals the benignity of heaven and the happy destiny of man ; yet these lessons, and the natural influence of these lessons, are lost amid the confused noises, and meaningless shows of sectarian religionists. Crusades of opinionism are entered upon and carried out with all the pomp and parade of human pride. Temples are erected, where religion can be talked of, with all the noise of tinkling cymbals, but where charity can never enter. They are churches for the rich.

When O God, when will men direct their energies to goodness, to benevolence, to love. These are the works, of which when done shall live for ever. The drying one tear of sorrow. The enlightening one dark mind. The forgiving one offence, are things infinitely greater and more endearing, than the possession of wealth, or the conquest of empires. These things are within the reach of all, let the present tell that we have some appreciation of the shortness of time, and of the uses to which its years ought to be devoted.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

LITTLE MARY'S GRAVE—IN IOWA.

BY D. C. R.

Tread lightly—Oh tread lightly,
O'er that green flowry mound ;
Nor yield to mirth and folly—
Whilst near such holy ground.

Tread lightly, Oh tread lightly
O'er that dear sacred spot,—
Where sleeps the blooming Mary—
Alone—but not forgot.

Tread lightly, Oh tread lightly,
Around that hallow'd grave,
Where lies a withered flower—
That ne'er earth's storms could brave.

Tread lightly, Oh tread lightly
In solemn silence there ;
Deep beneath that mound lies one—
For earth too bright and fair.

She sleeps ;—how sweetly ; no rough blast—
No chilling storm is near,
To break the gentle, calm repose
Of that bright one so dear.

Trenton, Aug. 16, 1848

The following story, written by Mrs. Seba Smith contains an excellent moral. It is on this account that we publish it. None of the girls or boys will suppose that we believe in Fairies, Water-nymphs, and so on. O no: these are only fanciful creatures which are introduced, like animals which talk in Fables, for the purpose of impressing truth.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Arabian Nights Entertainments, and various other popular works, are written on a similar principle; and yet not one of them contains a better moral than the story of

GEMS AND REPTILES.

PART I.

"O dear! what a naughty girl I am—I must be naughty, for nobody loves me, and nobody speaks kindly to me. My aunt and cousin tell me every day I live, that I am the worst girl in the world. It must be so—and yet I don't know what it is that I do so very bad."

Little Blanch looked around, for she thought somebody was close to her ear, and whispered "Nothing—nothing." But she must have been mistaken. There was no one in sight, and now she could only hear the wind kissing the little daisies, and laughing in the willows, and teasing the long slender branches, that stooped down to play in the fountain.

Blanch set the pitcher upon the green bank, and bent over to look down, down into the clear waters, as they bubbled up in the shadow of the hill, and then trickled away over the pebbles, eddying round the roots of the old trees, and then sparkling away off in the sunshine, flashing in the light, like some living, beautiful thing sporting in the meadow grass and the overshadowing trees.

Blanch began to feel quite happy, though she couldn't tell why: and then she looked down into the fountain, and saw her own eyes peeping up, and she laughed—and the girl in the water laughed—and both laughed together, 'till the old hills and rocks sent it back again.

"O dear what a noise I am making! and my aunt will be angry with me for staying so long.

Blanch looked once more into the water, but the little girl from beneath did not laugh this time; on the contrary, her face was quiet pale and sad, and Blanch looked into her melancholy eyes 'till the tears gushed to her own, and fell into the water. The drops circled away in dimpling lines, growing larger and larger, and completely hiding the face of the little girl in the water.

Blanch rubbed her eyes and looked again, for she saw something exceedingly beautiful stirring the pebbles at the bottom of the fountain. She held back her hair, and looked down close and still; for there, right beside her own face, she saw a most lovely being, smiling and holding up her small pale hands.

Blanch let her hair fall, 'till it almost blinded her eyes, and even dipped into the fountain, while she held out both her hands to the little lady of the water.

"Thank you," said the beautiful creature, springing lightly to the bank, and smoothing her long curls, and smiling in the eyes of the little girl.

"You are a good girl, Blanch, and I mean to be your friend; that is, if you are always good—for should you become sinful you couldn't look upon me, or I speak to you."

She said this in a low, sad voice, and the little girl thought she was then even prettier than when she smiled.

The lady sat still awhile plucking the pretty flowers that grew around into a coronal; for it is likely she knew the child was so curious to mark her strange dress, that she could hardly hear a word that might be said.

Blanch had heard of water-nymphs, but she had been told they had sea-green skin and eyes, and hair hanging like the sea-grass all about their shoulders. She thought they must be very ugly, and was quite certain the beautiful creature beside her could not be one of these.

The lady's cheek and neck were of the pure color of the inner lip of the ocean shell, growing of a brighter, and brighter hue, till just below the eye, it became of that rich beautiful tint, we find upon the shell as we look in, in to its very heart. Then her hair was soft and bright, like long threads of amber, waving and glittering in the light. Her eyes were of the deep, deep blue, seen upon the surface of the muscle-shell, but so soft, so liquid in their loveliness and beauty, that Blanch thought she could never tire in looking at them. Her voice was like breathed melody: soft and murmuring, like the sound of the shell when held to a human ear.

She had a coronal of pearls about her head, and bracelets of the same upon her arms. Her robe was curiously wrought of exceedingly small shells, like gold and silver, all strung together. It was fastened at the shoulder with a large emerald, and

her girdle was of amethysts and diamonds. Her sandals were of pearly shells, streaked with pink, the tell-tale I think, and were fastened with a fillet of the seed weed.

"You may call me Fontana, Blanch," said the lady, placing a chaplet of flowers upon the brow of the child.

Blanch smiled, and pulled the little daisies, for she couldn't think what to say.

"Would you like some of these pearls, and diamonds, Blanch?"

"Oh, they are very beautiful," said the child, "but I should have no time to play with them. Dear, dear, how long I have waited! Oh, my aunt will scold." She took up the pitcher and was hurrying away in great trouble, but Fontana detained her.

"You must not go yet Blanch. I will see that your aunt doesn't scold you; so sit down and let us talk awhile."

Blanch was very loath to stay, but Fontana was so gentle, and promised so earnestly that all should be well, that at last she sat down again by the fountain.

"If you don't want pearls and diamonds, Blanch, what do you wish for? What shall I do for you? Shall I punish your aunt and cousin for treating you so ill?"

"Oh no, no," said the little girl very earnestly, "they treat me so because I am very naughty. How could you think of such a thing? I am sure I never did."

Fontana smiled, and kissed the cheeks, and eyes, and lips of the child.

"I love you dearly, Blanch, and do wish you could think of something I could do for you."

Blanch dropped her eyes, as if thinking earnestly; and then her face dimpled all over with smiles, as she said.

"I wish you could help me to be good, so that my aunt, and cousin, and everybody will love me—I should be quite happy then."

"What, don't you want to be rich, and ride in a coach, and have servants, and dress grandly—and then let your aunt and cousin be poor, and go with bare feet just as you do?"

"Oh dear, no," said Blanch, turning quite pale; "how could you think of such a thing?"

"Well, let your aunt and cousin be rich, too, then wouldn't you like to dress grandly, Blanch?"

"Oh dear I only want to be good, and be loved," said the poor girl, tuning her head away quite sorrowfully.

Fontana took her in her arms, and kissed her many times, and Blanch felt the tears upon her cheek; she heard sweet music off melody; the sky seemed brighter than ever, and she thought she must be dreaming she felt so happy. Then the lady placed her upon the green bank, and when the child looked round, there was nothing to be seen or heard, but the birds singing in the trees, and the water leaping over the white pebbles.

"Oh dear, dear, my aunt will scold me," and she filled the pitcher and ran home just as fast as she could go.

Her aunt met her at the door, and had opened her mouth to utter hard words, and raised her hand to give her a blow on the ear, when the sight of the coronal upon the girl's head arrested her.

"Blanch, where did you get this? Was there ever anything so beautiful?" and she tore it from the child's head, and held it to the light where it did look truly exquisite, for every little leaf, and bud, and flower, was made up of innumerable small gems of the purest water.

"Come in, child, and tell me all about it."

Blanch did tell every word, for there was something within that told her she ought to tell the truth, and the whole truth. Sometimes her aunt laughed, sometimes she frowned, and where the lady would have given her fine clothes, and a coach to ride in, her cousin called her "a poor, mean-spirited fool—so when you only asked to be good, you precious little fool, did you?" and she said scornfully.

The tears came into Blanch's eyes, and fell upon her lap.

"What is that rolling about in your lap?" said Adeline. "I never saw such tears before; they don't soak in;" and the fearless girl shook them upon the floor. Sure enough, they rolled away, clear, brilliant diamonds, large as peas.

Adeline laughed and scrambled after them, and told Blanch to cry away; she liked such tears. But the girl laughed as well as her cousin, and scrambled too for the diamonds, it made her feel so happy to see smiling faces.

"I will go down to the well, too," said Adeline, "and see if I cannot get something handsome."

She soon came back, flushed and angry; she declared there was nobody to be seen at the well, and Blanch must have found the gems; and then have invented the story as an excuse for staying so long. She struck Blanch upon the shoulder, and shook her rudely.

"Don't be angry, cousin, you shall have all the pretty stones," cried the child, offering those she had picked up.

But she had no sooner opened her mouth to speak, than pearls and diamonds, and all precious stones, fell therefrom, and rolled upon the floor, and flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, till the room seemed all paved with jewels.

For many days Adeline said nothing further about going to the well, for both she and her mother were so occupied in fastening the gems upon their dresses, that they had no time even to scold poor little Blanch; and she was now the happiest child in the world. She smiled and sang all day, and was so attentive to all the wants of her aunt and cousin, that she seemed to know what was desired even before they spoke. She wished, in the guilelessness of her young heart, that she only had a whole mine of jewels to give them, so thankful did she feel for gentle words and kind looks.

It was soon found that jewels came from the mouth of Blanch only when she returned a gentle reply to the harshness of others—her tears were gems only when they were the tears of compassion or of sorrow.

Adeline was making a lily, all of pearls—she hadn't quite enough to finish it. Half in earnest, half in sport, she gave Blanch a blow saying, "Cry, child I want some more pearls."

Blanch had never felt just so before, her face reddened, and she was about to make an angry reply, when she felt a dash of water all over her face. She stopped short, and looked about, but no one was near but Adeline. Then she thought of the sinful feeling within, and knew it must have been Fontana that sprinkled the drops in her face. Blanch knew she had done wrong, and she shed tears of penitence—they were pearls.

"Come, Blanch," said Adeline "take the pitcher, and I will go down to the well with you. I like the lady's gifts vasily, and shall know better what to ask for than you did."

The child did as she was bid, stepping, with her little bare feet, lightly over the stones and brambles; and prattling all the way about the beauty and dress of the lady, and wondering she had never seen her but once.

When they came to the fountain, all was still. The waters looked clear and cool, and they peered down, down, but nothing was to be seen but white stones, rounded by the water flowing over them, and the small fish darting about in the sunshine. They sat down upon the bank, hoping the lady might appear. But she did not; no one approached but a little old woman, with a lean wrinkled face, who came from the woods, leaning heavily upon a staff, for she was bent nearly double with age.

Both girls looked earnestly at her, till she drew near, and sank down upon the grass beside them.

"I am faint and weary, ladies—will you give me to drink from the fountain?" said the old woman, in a low, trembling voice.

Little Blanch descended the bank instantly, to do as she was desired; but Adeline cruelly spurned her with her foot, saying, "Get up, you old hag, I wouldn't give you a drink, not I."

The old woman glanced at the hard-hearted girl with a severe and searching look; and slowly rose from the ground. The old staff became a wand of ivory—the lean face became soft and round; the bent form erect and graceful, and the beautiful lady of the fountain stood before them. She was even more splendidly attired than before, and her look more sweet and tender.

"Dear, dear, Fontana," said Blanch, springing toward her. The lady took her to her bosom, and again, and again kissed her cheek; then the child heard yet again that low, sweet melody, as if the very air, and every thing about were full of it—again and all was still—and now the two girls stood alone by the fountain.

"How strange," said little Blanch, "when she is gone, I can hardly think I have seen any thing in reality—it seems so like a dream, or the pleasant thoughts I have when I am alone."

"Pretty well, too," said Adeline; "she could only frown on me"—she stopped short, for just then a small green lizard hopped from her mouth, and the terrified girls ran home as fast as they could go.

Adeline struck Blanch, and said she had bewitched her; and every time she spoke, small snakes and toads darted from her mouth—then she would cry with horror and vexation, when bugs and spiders fell from her eyes.

Poor Blanch stood by, weeping and wringing her hands, and the pearls and precious stones rolled all about the room, for no one heeded them. She thought of a thousand things, but no one that had any prospect of relieving her cousin.

"Oh dear, dear, I wish Fontana was only here!" cried Blanch. She felt a slight sprinkle upon her face, and then she knew the lady must be near. Then she began to think Fontana very cruel to punish her cousin so. All at once some one whispered close to her ear, and said,

"Are not pride, and anger, and cruelty, like lizards, toads, and serpents?"

"Oh dear, dear, try to feel gentle, cousin Adeline; perhaps they come because you are angry."

"Angry," cried Adeline, stamping with her feet, "isn't this enough to make anybody angry? I wish I had hold of that old woman, and I would tear her all to pieces."

Just then a large serpent sprang from her mouth, and both her mother and Blanch ran out of the house.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the *Hibernia*, we have six days later intelligence from Europe.

Irish affairs have lost much of their interest and now begin to be regarded with indifference not only by the people but by the Government.

The State trials have so far resulted in the conviction of one only of the chief leaders, John Martin, proprietor of the *Felon* newspaper, who was found guilty, and has been sentenced for 10 years' transportation.

The Government have determined upon issuing a Special Commission for the trial of Smith O'Brien and the other captured leaders in Tipperary.

From every part of Ireland the reports give but poor hopes of saving the great bulk of the Potatoe Crop, added to which it is reported that the Grain Crops will be below an average.

The most important item of intelligence by the late arrival is the Burning of the Packet Ship *Ocean Monarch*, with the loss of 150 lives. We gather the following particulars from the account published in the *Tribune*.

DESTRUCTION OF THE PACKET SHIP OCEAN MONARCH BY FIRE.—The *Ocean Monarch*, Capt. Murdock, left Liverpool on the 24, with 360 steerage passengers, 6 cabin, 22 second cabin, and, with her crew, had on board 398 passengers. She had not proceeded far, however, before, the utmost consternation was produced by an announcement that the ship was on fire; and scarcely had the alarm been given when she was in a complete blaze.

The scene which followed may be more easily conceived than described. The passengers became frantic with despair, and numbers at once plunged into the ocean to escape the more awful death which apparently awaited them. Husbands were severed from their wives and wives from their husbands, and children from their parents.

The Captain fearing that all control over the poor creatures was lost and that the fire was making rapid progress, ordered both anchors to be lowered, in the hope of bringing the vessel's head to the wind. In the act of lowering the anchors many of the unfortunate passengers were dragged into the ocean, they having seated themselves on the chain cables, and were thus launched into eternity. At the time the fire was discovered the vessel was about eight miles to the eastward of the Great Orms Head, and several vessels were in sight.

A signal of distress was at once hoisted, which was immediately answered by the *Yacht* belonging to Thos. Littledale, and which was about six miles distant. Mr. Littledale was himself on board, and at once bore down to render what assistance was in his power. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and had the yacht ventured alongside it would have been total destruction to all on board. A boat was, however, immediately provided and proceeded to the ship for the purpose of rescuing some of the unfortunate passengers. The scene which presented itself to Mr. L. on nearing the vessel was most appalling.

NOTICE.

The North Branch Association of Universalists, will hold its annual session at Sheshequin, Bradford Co. Pa., on the third Wednesday and Thursday of September, 20th and 21st.

Those who wish to see one of the most beautiful valleys—the "*Universalist*" of the "*Pro and Con*"—as well as to enjoy a good meeting, will please make us a visit on the above mentioned days, and they may rest assured of a hearty welcome, and that no pains will be spared to render their stay with us pleasant and agreeable. Come friends, one and all—foes too—and those from a distance will call two doors north of the Church where they will find a committee in attendance to direct them to places of entertainment.

Ministering brethren!—*Don't forget us.* We shall look for you "hard" and do not wish to be disappointed. S. J. G.

UNITED STATES CONVENTION.

Agreeably to adjournment, the United States Convention of Universalists, will hold its next annual session in the city of Hartford, Conn. on Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st days of September, 1848.

At the last session of this body, Rev. Moses Ballou was appointed to deliver the next Occasional discourse. Rev. O. A. Skinner, Wm. S. Balch and T. B. Thayer were appointed a committee to mature some plan for securing uniformity of ministerial fellowship throughout our denomination, and report at the next session. Revs. H. Ballou, 2d and T. Whittemore were appointed a committee to collect facts in relation to the early meetings of this Convention, to be appended to our records, and report at the next session.

J. M. AUSTIN, *Stand. Clerk.*

GENERAL SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING.

According to previous appointment, there will be a general meeting of Universalists, to confer on the subject of Sunday Schools, and the religious instruction of children, on Tuesday September 19, the day previous to the session of the United States Convention, at the City of Hartford Ct. The morning will be devoted to such business, and to the discussion of such subjects as may be deemed necessary to the welfare of the Sabbath School cause. In the afternoon an address suitable to the occasion will be delivered by Rev. J. M. Austin of Auburn N. Y. and in the evening it is expected that there will be a general Sunday School conference; addresses by different brethren.

All persons friendly to the cause of Sabbath Schools in the denomination are urged to be present.

JAMES GALLAGER. } Committee
THOMAS B. THAYER. } of
G. L. DEMAREST. } Arrangements.

CONFERENCE.

Of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Little York on the third Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st of September.

All who can are respectfully invited to attend. Brethren in the ministry, we shall expect to not only see you but *hear* from you on that occasion.

G. SWAN, *Stand. Clerk.*

Richville, Aug. 22nd, 1848.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Woodbridge, N. J., on Sunday, 24th inst., at a quarter before 11, A. M.

Br. T. Elliot, will preach in Newtown, the third Sunday in September (17th inst.,) and at Stepney, at 7 o'clock, evening.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Blaueveltville, the 3d Sunday, 17th inst. and at Piermont in the evening.

Br. Collins will preach in Egremont, the 1st Sunday in Oct. and Br. Bulkeley will supply his desk in Hudson.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, please credit Mrs. R. G. Bennett, Mrs. H. N. Packard, and Mrs. S. Grover, all of Nunda, Livingston Co., New York, two Dollars each, for current Vol. of the Repository, and charge this office.

Br. Tompkins, please Cr. Miss A. E. Lloyd, No. 164 Forsyth St. New York, Two Dollars for current vol. of Repository, and charge this office.

Marriages.

In this city, Aug. 1st, by the Rev. O. A. Skinner, Mr. J. B. PROCTOR to Miss A. P. FAREWELL, both of Fitchburgh, Mass.

In Monticello, on the 31st inst., by the Rev. O. Whiston, Mr. THOMAS D. COLEMAN, to Miss HARRIET M. GRAY, both of Thompson.

Deaths.

In Brooklyn, Sept. 2nd CARLINE M: youngest daughter of Daniel P. and Susan B. Gardner, aged 1 year, 4 mo. and 15 days.